

~~1608/1676~~

I R E N E,

1609/5980.

A

C A N T O,

ON THE

P E A C E;

Written in the Stanza of SPENCER;

---

---

By PHILIP DOYNE, Esq;

---

---

D U B L I N:

Printed for W. Ross, Bookseller, in Grafton-street,

MDCCXIII.

**THIS**  
**P O E M**

**Is DEDICATED to the**

**Provost and Senior Fellows**

**O F**

**TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin,**



**By the AUTHOR.**

---

# I R E N E,

## C A N T O,

O N T H E

### P E A C E.

---

#### T H E A R G U M E N T.

*Augusta bids rich commerce haste*

*Irene to restore ;*

*Whom, Earth's wide regions having past,*

*She finds on Slany's shore.*

I.

**Q**UEEN, of the deathless song, and golden  
lyre,

Immortal muse ! begin some lofty theme ;

A 2

So

So may thy Britons catch the hallow'd fire,  
 So may thy bards, in wondrous lays, proclaim  
 The warrior's dangers, and the patriot's  
 name ;

Striking with daring hand the sounding strings,  
 And fill'd with rapture at great Albion's fame,  
 From Slany's echoing banks, a shepherd  
 sings

The fall of mighty hosts, the wars of Europe's  
 (kings.

## H.

Oft thro' the solemn loneliness of night  
 Musing, he wander'd near the toiling flood,  
 While mimic fancy drew before his sight,  
 The dreadful glorious scene, of kings subdu'd,  
 Towns wrapt in flames, and armies bath'd in  
 blood ;

But now the horrid visions rise no more,  
 Nor threatening camps, or hostile fleets he  
 view'd ;

The storm of war which shook the world is  
 o'er,

And peaceful Halcyons soon, revisit Albion's  
 (shore.





III.

Oh Peace ! thou fav'rite daughter of the skies,  
 What happy region boasts thy blissful reign ;  
 In what calm shades the lov'ly vestal lies,  
 Or treads, the mountain hill, or shadowy  
 plain ?  
 Joy, of the village nymph, and constant  
 swain !

Around thee, goddess ! endless blessings wait,  
 Each social virtue mingles in thy train ;  
 While wealth and commerce joyn, to form thy  
 state,  
 Beyond the pomp of kings, the pride of con-  
 (quest, great,

IV.

Desire of Earth ! the soul of ev'ry joy !  
 Unfading laurels deck thy placid brow ;  
 In vain the furies labour to destroy,  
 While thou repair'st the waste of war below ;  
 Thy guardian care the cherish'd muses know,  
 Each graceful elegance, and finer art ;  
 Each life endearing charm, thou canst bestow,  
 Can'st on the worthless thy rewards impart,  
 Pour'd e'en on faction's head, and treason's felon  
 (heart,

V.

Yet oft hath man, possess'd by impious pride,  
To fatal war by blind ambition led,  
Forgot thy just requests, thy suit deny'd,  
And o'er thy fruitful vales destruction spread ;  
Oft from fair Europe's kingdoms hast thou  
fled  
To distant climes, and winter's endless reign ;  
Far from the haunt of men conceal'd thine  
head,  
While hostile millions fill'd th' embattled  
plain,  
And monarchs were dethron'd, and martial na-  
(tions slain.

## VI.

Thus when the pencil bade the canvas shine,  
And Adon' bled beneath the tusky boar,  
(Thy work, O Titian, or Apelles thine)  
Her golden locks the queen of beauty tore,  
And stain'd her snowy limbs with crimson  
gore,  
She wept her murder'd love, her lost delight,  
Then

Then fled with horror from the fatal shore,  
Back to her sky the goddess bent her flight,  
And parting, view'd the earth, and sicken'd at  
(the sight'

VII.

Long had Germania's kings, with fury fir'd,  
Their martial hosts to mutual slaughter sent;  
Irene' from the gathering storm retir'd,  
And weeping left the troubled continent;  
Nor yet to Albion's shore her flight she bent,  
For o'er the fields she mark'd in bright array  
Her sturdy swains, on arms alone intent,  
While her vast navies spread th' encumber'd  
sea,  
And with their cannon's smoke, o'ercaст the face  
(of day

VIII.

Now six revolving years their course had run,  
Each dreadful moment markt by hostile rage,  
Since first the horrors of the war begun;  
While Europe's states their fatal battles wage,  
And half the kings of earth in arms engage;  
One dire Aceldama Germania lies,  
Nor spares the ruthless sword or sex or age,  
To

To heav'n amidst the shouts of battle rise  
 The bleeding matron's groans, the ravish'd vir-  
 (gin's cries.

## IX.

At length Augusta from the silver Thames  
 Majestick rose, with lofty turrets crown'd;  
 The form immortal glitter'd on his streams,  
 Such was the mother of the gods, renown'd  
 In Crete's fam'd isle, and Ida's hallow'd  
 ground;  
 A train of nymphs in various dress were seen  
 Beauteous, and strange, who stood the power  
 around;

To one of smiling looks, and placid mien,  
 With winged words began, the city crowned  
 (Queen.

## X.

" Haste, gracious nymph, on Nysa's hallow'd  
 " shore  
 " Where Lybian Triton rolls his silver wave,  
 " Whom, to the ocean's god, Phœnicè bore,  
 " By Dian tended in the secret cave;  
 " To thee, in happy hour, great Neptune  
 " gave  
 " O'er all his oceans and his storms to reign;  
 " Commerce



" Commerce the awful name thou didst receive  
 " From all the Gods : Oh haste, to Albion's  
 " plain  
 " Irenè fair restore, with all her joys again."

XI.

Augusta spoke : her will the nymph obey'd,  
 Light as the feather'd shaft from earth she  
 sprung ;  
 'Till Albion's sea-bet rocks no more survey'd,  
 O'er wealthy Belgia's level coast she hung ;  
 Where Rhine, and Maëse, and Scheld did  
 roll among  
 Her pop'lous realms, ere while the muses  
 themes,  
 When of the great Nassovian race they sung,  
 And commerce had not left those peaceful  
 streams  
 To dwell in Albion's isle, and grace the banks  
 (of Thames.

XII.

From thence, Germania's various realms she  
 view'd,  
 And mark'd the horrors of destroying war ;  
 The god of battles red with human blood,  
 O'er slaughter'd armies drove his iron car,  
 Guiding



Guiding the mangled steeds with gory spear ;  
 In dreadful waste, before their swiftneſs, fall  
 Kingdoms, and thrones o'erturn'd on earth  
 appear,  
 The brazen ranks, the city's lofty wall,  
 'Tis one dire ſcene of rage, and deſolation all.

## XIII.

Yon ruins, that the ſable flame hath ſpar'd,  
 Were once, ſome haughty warrior's boated  
 feat;  
 So ſure his ſtrength, ſo ſafe his throne ap-  
 pear'd,  
 He ſeem'd ſuperior to the ſtroke of fate,  
 Beyond the power, of change, or fortune,  
 great ;  
 Forth from the thicket, burſts the matron's  
 ſcream ;  
 Ah, where ſhall beauty find a ſafe retreat !  
 While ſlaughter'd thouſands choak the ſullen  
 ſteam,

## XIV.

And o'er the diſtant hills the burning cities  
 flame,

## XIV.

XIV.

From these fierce states, Irenè, long expell'd,  
To distant realms in sorrow had retir'd ;  
When commerce, on the Weser's banks, be-  
held  
Where glory near the British camp appear'd,  
Bright on a mountain heap of arms uprear'd,  
Like Pallas dreadful in Tytanian arms,  
Her Gorgon Ægis thro' the darkness glar'd ;  
Her voice the shining ranks to war alarms,  
And with heroic flames each hero's bosom warms.

XV.

Rous'd by her call, the British hosts advance,  
Eager to to bleed in battles not their own ;  
For her the silken bands of faithless France  
Glitt'ring, in filed brass, and iron, shone,  
With boastful ensigns gay ; so oft o'erthrown  
And scatter'd by Britannia's victor spear ;  
For her, the Austrian from her distant throne,  
Against the bold Borussian pour'd the war,  
And all her savage hosts, rush'd raging from afar.

XVI.

## XVI.

There strong in arms the Prussian king she  
 view'd,  
 That man of mighty deeds, that Lord of  
 war ;  
 And parting swift, her rapid course pursu'd,  
 'Till on the shores of Thrace she heard the  
 Jar  
 Of Paynim hosts, and stubborn Janizarre ;  
 Now griev'd the vales of Persia to survey,  
 O'er whom fell Discord drove her iron car,  
 Still to the distant east she wing'd her way,  
 And past the rapid Ind' and gain'd upon the day.

## XVII.

From Ormus south, and China's wealthy  
 shore,  
 To Albion's chiefs, the silken monarchs bend ;  
 Whose fragrant groves their spicy riches bore,  
 Whose blazing mines their hoarded diamonds  
 send,  
 That Britons might their helpless thrones de-  
 fend ;  
 Thence o'er the isles, amidst the Indian main  
 That

That num'rous lie, the British arms extend ;  
 Whose victor fleets uphold their wide domain,  
 While India's fable kings, by their permission  
 (reign.

XVIII.

As when the fabled Jove, Tytanian lord,  
 In ancient tale who fill'd th' Eternal's room ;  
 Thro' Greece and all her hundred realms a-  
 dor'd,  
 Whose temple blaz'd amidst imperial Rome,  
 Grac'd with the trophies of a world o'ercome ;  
 From the Tarpeian rock, whose height defy'd  
 The stroke of time, sunk by almighty doom :  
 So fell on India's coast, the Gallic pride,  
 And all the Paynim slaves her ruin'd pomp de-  
 (ride.

XIX.

Tho' leagu'd with kings, in vain, she proudly  
 stood,  
 And stretch'd her banners o'er the blazing  
 east ;  
 In vain from lofty Pondicherry view'd,  
 India's rich realms, and all their thrones op-  
 press'd ;  
 Kings



Kings are by Britain and by Clive redress'd ;  
 Her strength, the toil of ages, is no more,  
 In Asian lands her tyranny is ceas'd,  
 Heav'n hath to British chiefs transferr'd her  
 power,

Theirs are her diamond mines, and theirs her  
 (golden ore,

## XX.

Awhile in air the shining vision stay'd,  
 And on the wealth of eastern conquest gaz'd ;  
 All the rich spoils of Asia wide display'd ;  
 The pile on castled elephants was rais'd,  
 Superb, with silken robes, and gems, it blaz'd  
 And trophy'd arms, and mingled heaps of  
 gold,  
 Spices, and painted jars ; thereat amaz'd,  
 Exalted transports in her bosom roll'd,  
 Such were the high rewards, that grac'd her  
 (Britons bold,

## XXI.

Then swift resum'd her flight o'er Corea's  
 sands  
 Amidst those savage climes her search was vain ;  
 Irené dwell'd not in the Asian lands,  
 And realms unblest'd, where Tartar tyrants  
 reign ;

Thence



Thence she o'erpass'd the waste and desert  
main,  
Where storms unheard by one another roar,  
Where various seas contest their wide domain,  
And hollow oceans roll without a shore ;  
Oh terrible display, of God's almighty power !

XXII.

At length, as tow'ring high she cleft the air,  
Rose like a cloud the distant continent ;  
Its verdant shores, its shadowy rocks, appear ;  
Thither well pleas'd her weary'd flight she  
bent,  
And past the stormy clouds in swift descent ;  
Ten thousand furious tribes those kingdoms  
range,  
Renown'd for strength and valorous hardi-  
ment,  
In dress and manner to each other strange,  
Who oft, as chance directs, their wandring dwel-  
(lings change.

XXIII.

In vain, their hardy youth were train'd to  
arms,  
To hurl the war-ax, and the poison'd dart,  
Danger

Danger, in vain, display'd its savage charms,  
 And love of slaughter fir'd the Huron's heart;  
 Remov'd by nature, to the utmost part  
 Of barren earth, beyond the sky mix'd wave,  
 Strangers, to treason's smile, or courtier's art;  
 Ah, what avail'd it, to be fierce and brave!  
 Nought cou'd their rights protect, their savage  
 (freedom save.

## XXIV.

Oh fatal thirst of universal power!  
 The curse of millions, and the tyrant's boast!  
 For this whole nations left Europa's shore,  
 Whole nations in those snowy wilds were lost;  
 Here Montcalm, chief of many a vanquish'd  
 host,  
 There youthful Wolfe, in glory's arms were  
 slain;  
 How many deaths did Albion's conquests  
 cost,  
 Her injur'd rights in battle to maintain,  
 And o'er Canada's hills, and stormy floods, to  
 (reign!

## XXV.

Chac'd from these lands, at length, th' ambi-  
 tious Gauls,  
 Groaning with fury, and in chains, retire;  
 By

By Britain's spear her western empire falls,  
 And all her hopes of sov'reign rule expire ;  
 Thus when rough winter, having spent his ire,  
 Flies, with his tempests, and his clouds, away,  
 Sullen and sad ; the joyful swains admire  
 How calm, how lovely, spring adorns the day,  
 Smiles on the verdant earth, and sparkles on the  
 (sea.

## XXVI.

Long while the nymph beheld, those bound-  
 less lands,  
 Those mighty lakes, and ev'ry furious stream ;  
 From Ohio's banks, and Mississippi's sands,  
 To Horgehela, and Labrador Breme,  
 All nations bend before the British name ;  
 To such an height of empire and renown  
 Had Wolfe, and Amherst, rais'd their mo-  
 narch's fame ;  
 For, not the chief who built the Persian throne,  
 Or he who conquer'd it, such ample realms  
 (o'er-run.

## XXVII.

There victory, from Europe's happier clime,  
 Came flying on, in all her splendours dress'd ;  
 The Goddess hovers in the air sublime,  
 And darts her glory o'er the redning west :

B

A triple

A triple diadem her temple grac'd,  
 In her right hand the British cross she wav'd ;  
 The British star adorn'd her radiant breast ;  
 Illustrious scenes were on her shield engrav'd,  
 Of haughty kings subdu'd, and suppliant empires  
 (sav'd.

## XXVIII.

Such seem'd the power, when blazing o'er the  
 plains  
 Her stature reach'd the sky, her awful shade  
 Cover'd Canada's realms ; as when the swains  
 With sudden fires the mountain heath invade ;  
 The savage tyger sees the flash dismay'd,  
 Forc'd from his native caves enrag'd to fly ;  
 The rock's wild caverns are to flight display'd ;  
 Loud roaring mounts the dreadful flame on  
 high,  
 Shines o'er the red'ning hills, and tow'rs amidst  
 (the sky.

## XXIX.

Her in the midmost region commerce past,  
 And hail'd her progress o'er those realms un-  
 known ;  
 Sent forth to civilize those regions vast,  
 And spread, th' influence of great Brunswick's  
 throne,

Thro'



Thro' all the journey of the burning sun,  
With mighty triumphs grac'd, and spoils a-  
dorn'd;  
At length her wond'rous circuit almost run,  
Back to fair Albion's isle the power return'd,  
And all her fruitless toil to find Irene' mourn'd.

XXX.

Now o'er Ierne's verdant shores she flew,  
Ierne fam'd for piety and song !  
Till Slany's rapid waters met her view,  
Swift as he gush'd Menapia's vales along,  
Pour'd from an hundred mountains deep and  
strong;  
'Twas there, regardless of war's dreadful  
threat,  
Of nymphs and swains appear'd a joyous  
throng ;  
Who sung, inspir'd by youth's delightful heat,  
Lays of sweet love, and danc'd with nimble  
(shifting feet,

XXXI.

There rose an hill above the level plain,  
Like the rich orb that crowns an Heroe's  
shield ;



There from her grassy throne, did nature  
reign

O'er ev'ry herb, and flower, that grac'd the  
field ;

The rocks beneath a chrystal stream did yield,  
Whose silver sparkling Waves did gently flow ;  
With snow-resembling sheep the sides were  
fill'd,

The winds in ev'ry breeze did sweeter blow,  
Shaking th' empurpled rose, that shed its leaves  
(below.

## XXXII.

The fluid glass return'd the gaudy skies,  
And golden clouds the silver waves adorn ;  
Where, intermixt with liquid roses, lies  
The downward prospect of the orient morn ;  
Nay was there nymph, nay herd, or shepherd,  
borne

Amidst those vales, but grac'd the jubilee ;  
And brought their rustick pipe, or cheerful  
horn,

That the glad sound of their rude minstrelsie  
Shook the wide river's banks, and echo'd to  
(the sky.

## XXXIII.

XXXIII.

The Hill's green feet were border'd by a  
 wood,  
 Whose matchless height above the clouds did  
 tow're ;  
 The awful trees in shady grandeur stood,  
 Shelter to many a beast, to birds a bow'r ;  
 The sweet lark there o'erpass'd her mournful  
 hour,  
 Wood musick's queen! the linnnet there re-  
 new'd  
 Her sprightly strain ; while in his kingly power  
 From some huge oak the beaked eagle view'd  
 His feather'd hosts ; the hawk his frighted prey  
 (pursu'd.

XXXIV.

Here also, playing on the shadowy green,  
 Were satyrs, fawns, and swift foot Dryades ;  
 The queen of fairies oft was dauncing seen,  
 And all the troop of woodland deities ;  
 Harping amidst the brakes immortal lays,  
 That kept all bad and hurtful things away ;  
 As when thy musick, Orpheus, did repress  
 The stormy Hebrus, foaming down the lea,  
 And made the noisy waves in all their haste to  
 (stay.

## XXXV.

And first, th' ambitious palm with branches fair  
 Rear'd his proud head, aspiring to the sky ;  
 The Sun's sad daughters next, whose wild de-  
   spair  
 Witness'd the Po, that heard their piercing  
   cry,  
 When Phaëton fell flaming from on high,  
 And Jove's enraged brand his members rent ;  
 There was the gnarled oak, with proud defy  
 Meeting the lightning's wrath ; the chesnut,  
   bent  
 By Notus arms, but still the forest's ornament.

## XXXVI.

There grew immense, the rougher rinded  
   pine,  
 Of which the great Argöan ship was fram'd ;  
 Whose lofty top the forests did incline  
 When shook by winds, there was the laurel,  
   nam'd  
 Apollo's tree, by bards and hero's claim'd ;  
 The gloomy Holm that haunts the watry  
   vale ;  
 The wicked Lote, of dark oblivion fam'd ;  
   The

The mournful Cypress, sign of deadly bale ;  
The Ash, the weeping Fir, the forlorn Willow  
pale.

XXXVII.

The stubborn Yew, long borne by Britons  
bold,  
Their hosts when Edward and fierce Henry  
led ;  
The Ivy, that with wanton arms doth hold  
And round the Poplar her lythe branches  
spread ;  
The pointed Holly rear'd his verdant head ;  
The myrtle mindful of her ancient crime ;  
And that strange tree where faithful Thisbè  
bled ;  
The brittle Ash, that lifts its top sublime ;  
The Elm, around whose boughs, th' enamour'd  
(Vine doth climb.

XXXVIII.

In this so pleasant forest, oft did sport  
Of old, so fiction tells, the queen of love ;  
Nor more to proud Cythæron did resort,  
Or Ida where immortal beauties strove ;  
B 4 Hither



Hither swift stooping from the realms above  
 Commerce approach'd ; and heard, the pleas-  
 ing sound  
 Of flutes and harps, that gentle thoughts did  
 move ;  
 And saw, a troop of Ladies dancing round,  
 Who with their tuneful feet did shake the hollow  
 (ground.

## XXXIX.

These were the nymphs that in the plains de-  
 light ;  
 Content, and smiling Truth, and Constancy ;  
 And innocence, array'd in virgin white ;  
 And spotless Faith, with heav'n erected eye ;  
 And blissful Youth, and pleasing Chastity ;  
 With these, the daughters of sky ruling Jove,  
 And Ocean's ravish'd nymph, Eurinome,  
 Yclept the Graces three ; who wait on love,  
 And haunt, the Cyprian isle, or Caria's hallow'd  
 (grove.

## XL.

Amidst the rest, like Dian' forest queen,  
 Irene' sported in the pleasant shade,

With



With modest grace, and comely carriage seen,  
In dress a village nymph; for she had laid  
Her crowns and sceptres by, with which she  
play'd

When in the courts of kings; each graceful  
limb

In humble sylvan weed was fair array'd,  
And wreaths of flowers her flowing robes did  
trim;

Her all the virgin train their Goddesses did esteem.

XLI.

To whom, descending from the midmost air,  
The joyful errant commerce 'gan relate.

" Sent by Augusta, Goddess, I repair

" To win thy dear return to Albion's state;

" Wild discord, which disturb'd the earth so  
late,

" Dreadfully riding on the vengefully blast,

" To pour the wrath abroad of angry fate,

" from her red hand the writhen bolt hath cast;

" And ruin stalks no more along the fearful  
(waste.

XLII.

## XLII.

" Tir'd with the horrors of the martial storm,  
 " The kings of earth forsake the raging deep;  
 " Tho' still abroad, fell slaughter's gory  
 form,  
 " Of half Germania's states domain doth  
 " keep,  
 " Acting dire crimes, at which revenge might  
 " weep;  
 " But lo, young Brunswick bids the tumult  
 " cease;  
 " And glory, hov'ring o'er the chalky steep,  
 " Sounds with her lofty trump to human  
 " race,  
 " That victor Albion grants imploring nations  
 (peace.

## XLIII.

She spoke; with smiles Irene swift reply'd;  
 Such smiles as in angelick looks appear,  
 The souls of martyrs when to heav'n they  
 guide.

" Oh blissful period of destructive war!  
 " 'Tis mine, the waste of conquest to repair,  
 " And smiling plenty o'er the land restore;  
 " For, Albion's king demands my chiefest  
 care,

" My

“ My blessings shall uphold his righteous  
 “ power,  
 “ And in his reign, ambition curse the world no  
 (more.

XLIV.

“ Nor fair Ierne, mindless of thy state  
 “ From thee to greater Albion I remove ;  
 “ Who in mine exile gav’st a safe retreat ;  
 “ My choicest favours thou shalt ever prove,  
 “ Oh land, so highly favour’d from above !  
 “ Where freedom roves amidst the cheerful  
 “ swains,  
 “ The blissful haunt, of innocence and love ;  
 “ where rosie health, walks smiling o’er the  
 “ plains,  
 “ And nature in luxuriant blessings reigns.

XLV.

“ Oft have I wander’d o’er thy shadowy fields,  
 “ And in sweet musing spent the silent night ;  
 “ While ev’ry vale its native fragrance yields,  
 “ How still the forest ! and the stream how  
 “ bright,  
 “ Its bosom silver’d with the moon’s pale  
 “ light !

“ Here

" Here undisturb'd with war's destructive  
 " rage,  
 " Secure from rapine, and the waste of fight;  
 " Thy vig'rous sons in peaceful arts engage,  
 " Or see a duteous race support their feeble age.

## XLVI.

" Here too, returning from the glorious war,  
 " Shall each stern foldier reach his native  
 " shore;  
 " Loaded with spoils, and grac'd with many a  
 " scar,  
 " Which nobly in his country's cause he bore;  
 " When vanquish'd Gallia shrunk beneath  
 " her power,  
 " With all her captive fleets, and slaughter'd  
 " hosts;  
 " While their lost fame th' Iberian chiefs de-  
 " plore;  
 " For nought remains to guard their fenceless  
 " coasts,  
 " Of all those navies huge, whose conquest Po-  
 (cock boasts.

## XLVII.



XLVII.

" Then shall the monumental marble tell,  
 " Of all th' illustrious dead the hapless doom,  
 " The chiefs, who bravely fought, and great-  
 " ly fell ;  
 " While future heroes to their graves shall  
 " come,  
 " Like youthful Ammon to Pelides tomb ;  
 " Their lofty deeds while many a poet sings ;  
 " Meantime, all glorious from a world o'er-  
 " come,  
 " Shall Albion's monarch calm contending  
 " kings,  
 " And mark each nation's bounds, adjusting  
 (doubtful things.

XLVIII.

" Britain, which hurt by no intestine jar,  
 " Able to ruin, studious how to save ;  
 " Safe in her seas, defies the world in war !  
 " All fair her daughters, and her sons all brave !  
 " Umpire of earth, and mistress of the wave !  
 " Lo, at her voice the distant slaughters cease,  
 " For laws to haughtiest potentates she gave ;  
 " Long may her councils guide Europa's peace  
 " And endless empire crown the mighty Guel-  
 (phian race.

XLIX.

## XLIX.

Thus spoke the goddess, then with joy obey'd  
 Augusta's call, and sought the silver Thame,  
 Attendant on the fair Nisæan maid;  
 Their flight I markt, from Slany's noisy stream,  
 And fond of fancy and a Poet's name,  
 Deep struck the conscious lyre with daring  
 hand ;  
 Bless'd, if while others gain a loftier fame,  
 Amidst the bards of my lov'd native land,  
 Of Glory not devoid, nor Loyalty I stand,

THE END.



y'd  
ge,  
m,  
ng